A

Pindarique

ON THE

DEATH

OF OUR LATE

SOVEREIGN

CHARLES II.

Of Blessed Memory.

By Sir *John Parsons* Bar^t.

LONDON:

Printed for *Edward Brewster*, at the *Crane* in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1685.

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A Pindarique ON THE DEATH OF OUR LATE Dear Sovereign.

Stanza I.

O Fate, what has thy erring hand perform'd!
How many tearleſs Victims haſt thou made,
Waſted in ſighs,
Wept to no uſe of Eyes!
Cou'd but thy angry doom have ſtai'd,
Millions

Millions of Subjects ſhou'd have been form'd,
Since here were none
That cou'd attone,
Not one of which, but wou'd have bleſt
The hour, you had given him his Eternal Reſt;
Had you but ſpar'd Our God! Our Prince! Our (King!
Ah! from whence can this dire hardſhip ſpring?
Nay, of the fair kind too, you ſhou'd have had
Numbers that wou'd have heartily been glad
In their full tide of Youth, and beauty's bliſs,
To have exchang'd their Lives for his:
So Great! ſo Good! ſo kind to all!
His was a Univerſal fall!
Who therefore Saviour like wou'd not have dy'd,
To have repriev'd a wretched World beſide!

II.

Not from their doubts and needleſs fears,
But from their hearty ſighs and tears,
From all the ſad reflections thought can bring,
Of ſo belov'd a Monarch, ſuch a King.

Take

Take him apart from all his Power,
As doth His mighty Succeſſor,
Survey their vertues all.
Their Greatneſs in their Affability,
Their *Maxims*, Notions, and Philoſophy,
With their Inimitable Company, (in gen'ral.
In ev'ry act and thought, the Gentleman ſo much
The knowing World cou'd ne'r diſpute,
Were there no Succeſſion, Right, or Laws,
Their Virtues alone had made them abſolute,
Gain'd ſure the firſt, confirm'd our Second's Cauſe.

III.

But to return
To th' Prince we mourn!
Let him be Dumb that ſpeaks his Praiſe
With leſs Devotion than his Altars raiſe.
(into a tear,
Let baffl'd Nature weep, th' Element diſſolve
And with their liquid ſorrow drown the preſent
Year.
For

For methinks when ſummon'd ſuch a Monarch is to (dye,
The Earth ſhou'd quake, and in Convulſion bear
Us Mortals, with an equal fear;
And Thunder ſhould deform the Sky;
And no doubt 't had been, but that the Powers (Above,
Which ever did his Royal Perſon Love,
Thoughtleſs with joy for ſuch a pleaſure to receive,
Forgot the manner of his taking leave.

IV.

Make him amends ye Powers, ye have him now;
And fancy not you can too much beſtow;
He was an Angel here,
And muſt be more than Angel there:
Nor can you tear him from his Throne and Subjects Hearts,
And not reſtore him all his vaſt Deſerts!
Give him but leave to ſhine, which he will do,
Where e're he comes, to grace and credit you;
And as heretofore 'twas own'd, confeſs'd,
Recorded in immortal Verſe,

Ours

Ours, to be the Monarch of the Univerſe,
With other Princes Adorations bleſs'd,
And nothing cou'd be thought or done abroad,
But muſt be firſt conſulted with our God;
So, mark but the difference now he comes above
His! with the Soul of any Royal Line, (to ſhine,
And they'l ne're thank you for his Company,
Who make ſo much a brighter Deity:
Nay, take the whole race of Princes to your aid,
Muſter your Divinities,
And in the high Robe of Heaven dreſs
The Soul of ev'ry Prince and Princeſs,
Great *CHARLES*, naked as he left our Land,
In him ſo much Majeſty appears,
Such were his Virtues, and his Anceſtors,
He will outſhine you all, and ſtill command.

V.

With a Godlike Patience here he Sway'd;
And in his very Sickneſs,
Which did attack him in ſuch ſtrange Exceſs,
The Hero bore ſo well the ſad Diſtreſs,

He humour'd the Diſtemper he obey'd,
Not to Inſinuate, but bring on the doom that ſtay'd.
In all's Behaviour no Reluctance cou'd be ſeen,
When's Eyes burſt Fire, his Mind was all Serene,
And with a ſenſible and quiet Courage bore
That torrent Death, that wafts him to the ſhore,
To th' promis'd Land, which other Princes do inherit
For all their toil of heavy Government,
Their hours of anxious Thought and Diſcontent,
Which our great Saint did almoſt always ſhare,
With Factious ſlaves, that only wou'd obey for fear;
So that our Prince makes ſure his double claim,
Not from his Titles only, or his Name,
But from his Immenſe and everlaſting merit.

VI.

(is Fate;
And now Great *JAMES*, whoſe Royal word
Whom to ſerve well, is to be bleſs'd, and great;
To you I bring a Dying Muſe that wants Relief;
To you, O faced Sir, She flies, as big with Grief.

But

But O what Comfort can She hope to find,
From ſo afflicted, ſo diſtreſs'd a Mind! (gain,
Never did Prince bewail ſo much three Kingdoms
And tho every heart ſeems bent
To him, and's Sacred Government,
He can't enjoy it yet, but wears his Crown in Pain,
There's none that will, but may read his vaſt
(Concern,
And from his Natural Love, and Princely Carriage
(Learn.
And now my Muſe forbear, retire, and grieve
(no more;
Since you ſee Kings are Mortal Men,
'Tis moſt true the one, Great *CHARLES!*
We heartily deplore. (agen.
And 'tis as true, in *JAMES*, we have that one

FINIS.